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CRYING EVIL.

There are two things current in the land which should be checked. If necessary, and it seems that it is necessary, laws should be framed against them. One is that Methusalem of chessmen, pointing a gun, pulling the trigger, killing or wounding one, and not knowing that it was loaded. Why not make it a penal offense to point an explosive weapon at one. The deprivation is not a severe strain on individual liberty. Even if a gun is not loaded, it is such a tremendous, amusing or recreative thing to point it at some one and pretend to shoot him that the mind revolts at this driven by the devilish humorist?

Another hideous evil is perpetrating insanity in the name of religion. The Faith Cure, which leaves an ailing person deprived of the rational means of help and restoration to health through an impudent relegation of the invalid to supernatural restoration, should be suppressed by law. No should any other wrong committed under the pretense of religious observance. A man drank his children's blood, claiming that the Scripture indorsed the sanitary effect of blood drinking, and saying the children were willing.

It is time to stop both these horrors.

NEXT!

The maiden efforts of THE WORLD'S Bureau of Justice has been an unqualified success. A poor emigrant, a thorough proficient in tailoring, young and healthy, with \$10 in his pocket after paying his passage here, was denied foodthold in this free land on the ground that he would become a public burden through his inability to support himself. He was a "cripple," the Commissioners of Emigration said.

Young RAMMER is lame in one leg, which he broke some time ago. But this does not incapacitate him for exercising his trade. He is not a task who threads needles with his toes, nor does he sew with his leg.

The Commission took the high and mighty ground that their decisions were automatic and that not even the Supreme Court could compel them to submit the evidence on which they had based a judgment.

Thanks to the effort in his behalf of The World's Bureau of Justice the young German was released. It was a triumph for justice and a correction to the Commissioners.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

There is hope that the bill for bonding the city of New York for \$10,000,000 in the interest of the Quadri-Centennial Exhibition will pass the Senate to-morrow. A charge was made on the bill and seemed to have some effect until its defenders showed up the fine hand of Chicago in the deal. The zeal of the Windy City is admirable, and New York may well take example by its energy for the Fair propaganda. Its methods are somewhat like Ah Sin's, but it shows beyond a doubt that it wants the great exhibit. If New York will only do this one-half as heartily it will have it.

MISS MARLOVE AS ROSALIND.

"Were it not better, because that I am more than common tall, that I did smite me till points like a man?" asks Rosalind, and from the stately Anderson, the little Moliére and the graceful Rehan, the query sounds not too absurd. But from little Julia Marlowe—sweet, naive, girlish, tiny Marlowe—the question becomes rather amusing. The diminutive Rosalind makes a positive pigmy of Ganymede, and no Orlando, however bent he might be on disfiguring trees, could decently discuss.

However, that point is not very important.

Nineteenth-century theatre-boys are beautifully poetic, and they willingly accept anything that has a Shakespearean air about it. Besides, "As You Like It" is a room, a lovely pastoral from beginning to end, and the license is therefore unrestricted. It must, nevertheless, be said that although Miss Marlowe delights the eye and spirit in time, offends the ear, she does not comprehend the role of Rosalind. This is not due to any lack of intelligence on her part, but merely to temporal unsuitability. The girl's voice is effervescently bright. The first scene of Shakspeare's heroine is never convincingly shown by Miss Marlowe, who still too hooligan to interpret a role that is the expression of ripe womanhood. Winimine little Miss Marlowe is still standing with reluctant feet.

Where the Brook and river meet, Rosalind sent. She has passed from the brook to the river. She is a woman. Her coquetry is the natural instinct of her sex. It is spontaneous. Miss Marlowe has been trained very carefully in the role of Rosalind, but very alone can teach her the role. She is very charming and very girlish, but her work in "As You Like It" has the vague, ingenuous spirit of Parthenus in it. It is "As You Like It" with Parthenus in the leading role that we saw last night.

The treatment of Orlando was almost as deferential as her treatment of Ingmar. The first scene of Shakspeare's heroine is never convincingly shown by Miss Marlowe, who still too hooligan to interpret a role that is the expression of ripe womanhood. Winimine little Miss Marlowe is still standing with reluctant feet.

The Orlando of Eben Floryton was a conscientious piece of work, pleasing at times. The lines were well and most intelligently spoken. The wrestling match was rather bad, but Mr. Floryton will never make a name for himself in "The World of Sports." That wrestling match is a very tiresome slot in "As You Like It." It is also a productive of bathos. It is like a speech on the sunshine of the play—this kind of bathos.

Miss Shaw made an admirable Celia. Miss Shaw is worthy of a company of her own, with a personality that is not only fascinating, but possesses most remarkable results. Her supreme intelligence and delightful reading are worth noting.

Mr. H. Crockett was an agreeable Touchstone and Miles Lewis a nasal Jaques.

"As You Like It" was really beautifully put upon the stage. I must say I admire the acting of Ariel Barner. In his quiet, unostentatious way he achieves surprising results. It is the thing to believe that only fools rush in where angels fear to tread. But I think that in very many cases it is the wise men.

ALAN DALE.

FOLLIES AND FADS.

Woman is threatened with bounds of Parish leather. Raise your right hand, sisters and swear to be faithful.

Turkish bonbons, cinnamon pelleas, mint lozenges, vanilla drops and disks of pistache, orange, citrus and ginger are the confections sold by fashionable drugists to fashionable ladies who smoke.

The ingenuity of some women is really enough, though it is in town or in the country, baring college life. Fancy the "House Beautiful," as Oscar Wilde would say, with three alleys and a complete bowling on it; a marble bath with marble steps leading to it, marble galleries and marble halls about it, from which open the toilet rooms, also marble tiled, in the basement! Isn't it grand and Greek-like just to think of it?

The corridor noble in dimension, the reception-room and the doctor's room occupy the main floor. Fancy the second floor a drawing room after the First Empire, and a billiard-room done in tapestry cloth, with inglenooks, and mediation windows of jeweled glass, and then get ready to climb upstairs, where the whole floor is devoted to lockers—260 in all—between which are sandwiched the little dressing rooms where the girls change their street clothes, every stitch, for gymnasium flannels, tennis shoes and a blue blouse and divided skirt—the uniform of the club.

At the rear end of this floor are the hot and cold baths and the shower and needle baths in a circular marble room that has the effect of being blown out of the solid rock.

Up one more flight of stairs and you will be on the top floor, which contains the most perfectly equipped gymnasium for women in the world. Such is the claim made by the Berkley Association. The whole room, 26x16, is devoted to practical athletics and filled with all sorts of apparatus for the physical development of the ladies. Trapeze, rings, wings and hoops hang from the lofty ceiling; in the odd corners are the air bags, turning poles and supports for rats and hurdles over which the girls are taught to jump. The whole circuit of wall is studded with bells, clubs, wands, bags, testers for developing the chest, contrivances for getting the correct motion in swimming and rowing, and many new devices but lately invented. Under the visitors' gallery are springboards, and the spring beds, or tumblers to break a fall, are conveniently placed near the turning poles.

The Culture of Foreign Birth.
(From *John Doe*.)

Miss Tripper?—I was delighted! I met mamma," said little Guy Blue ejaculatingly; "her hands are dirty."

"They aren't dirty, dear," explained his mother; "that's their natural color."

"I know that well. You can see for yourself where the dirt has rubbed off on the inside,"

Talk on the Care.
(From *John Doe*.)

C.—Taking a walk together, this has been a rather cold winter.

B.—Not to say it has been the coldest winter I have ever experienced. I'm a winter.

Foolish Rating Under Difficulties.
(From *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.)

Tenant-Kinwad—He won't pay another cent.

Stranger—Where does that new dentist have his office?

Stranger—You mean the one who pulls teeth with a pair?

Policeman—to the right around the corner, you will have no trouble finding his office.

Stranger—You can hear his patients yell half a block away.

Great Foreight.
(From *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.)

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